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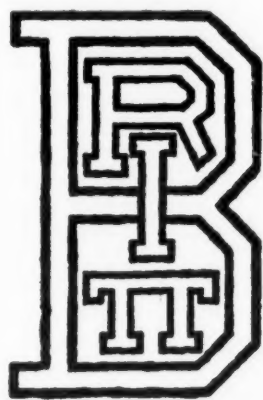
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The Promise of Air

By Newton A. Fuessle

If Christopher Morley were the author of Algernon Blackwood's "The Promise of Air," he might have described it on the jacket as being about blue eyes, advertising copy, Cambridge, the Rolls-Royce, Chopin, Schumann, the movies, wireless, airplanes, revolving desk chairs, the Kingdom of Heaven, yellow wag-tails, perfumes and furs, flocks of stars, the winter temperature of robins, and analytical chemists.

Because I once wrote a story about a fellow with an obsession to be cradled in billows of air, this Blackwood book was wished on me to review. E. P. Dutton and Company's announcement of "The Promise of Air" had not made me eager to spend a dollar fifty for the book. Neither had earlier reviewers' appraisal of it delivered what the kids around Gross Park, Chicago, used to call the "cardy blow" in their Hamilton school days. The reviewers had declared with mild and reserved literary caution that one might like the book very much, or not so very much. It simmered down to a fifty-fifty case of plus and minus.

I began reading "The Promise of Air" in the Hudson tubes. The air, as usual, was thick, vitiated, unsanitary, and unlovely. The pack of commuters from points on the Lackawanna who hemmed me in were chewing Life Savers, gnawing chicle, and gasping for green fields and sunny air. For once, I was among, but in nowise of them. I had made a great discovery. This Blackwood book acted as the perfect antidote to the toxins of commuting. The Duttons should pile dunes of it at every station in tube and subway. It should be advertised in every packed and humid street car, elevated, and suburban train.

Mr. Algernon Blackwood has put a pulmotor between book covers. It is deep breathing transmuted into print. It is a rhapsody on air, achieved, happily, with British restraint. It is the story of *Joseph Wimble*, and *Joan*, his wife, and *Joan*, his daughter. This odd *Wimble* individual has peculiar ways, peculiar hunches, peculiar longings. He objects to his bones, his flesh, to his being on the ground. He regards gravity as the devil because it keeps him from soaring into the sun. At times he feels his heart flutter; he feels wings in it. He learns at school in "a flashing, darting, sudden way, like the way of a bird." He feels that life is much too rigid.

The narrative moves rapidly forward with gusts of sentences, billows of paragraphs, swinging chapters. The whimsical theme is developed with emotional brilliance and elasticity. It swoops, and soars, and glides. It is a buoyant emotional statement of the restlessness of the race. It is ornithology without Latin. It's flying without a references to aces, Caproni triplanes, or horsepower. At times you don't know what Mr. Blackwood is talking about, but that does not matter. You get the impression of lift and surge, which is what you want if you commute.

"Fly at everything you're afraid of. That paralyzes it. It can't happen then," you discover. You also discover that "societies are cages. You're caught and you can't fly on." Here is Blackwood

occultism hitting the earth with a bounce and shooting away on new slants. You are glad Mr. Blackwood has eschewed for the moment things like "Day and Night Stories" and "Julius La Vallon."

You know what he means when he says: "A new language is floating into the world from the air—a new way, a bird way of communicating." And again: "A new language is wanted—a flying language with a rapid air vocabulary, condensed, intense." Whereupon he turns around and knocks the wind out of his lament by writing sentences like this: "January sparkled, dropped like a broken icicle, and was gone." An English writer who can carve a sentence like that out of the English language has no business to complain. He can have some of my money every time he chooses to write another book.

♦♦♦

New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price, with postage added when necessary. Address, REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

THE STRUCTURES OF LASTING PEACE by H. M. Kallen, Ph. D. Boston: Marshal Jones Co., \$1.25.

The author discusses the development, nature and purposes of states, nations, and nationalities, the significance of sovereignty, and the reciprocal interplay of these with the economic interests which underlie civilization. He defines "human nature" as a social habit established by class interests and calls for an artificial enterprise following from those interests. By an analysis of the history of this country from 1776 to 1789 he shows that the creation of the United States was equivalent to the establishment of a league of nations, and deduces that what was achieved for America can be attained for the whole world.

DEMOCRACY MADE SAFE by Paul Harris Drake. Boston: Leroy Phillips, \$1.00.

By democracy the author means social, political, economic and legal equality. He shows that future wars can only be prevented by the complete change of present economic conditions.

WHAT MEN LIVE BY by Leo. Tolstoi. Boston: Stratford Co., 25c.

Volume three of the Stratford "25c Universal Library," containing "What Men Live By," "Three Questions," "The Coffee-House of Surat," and "How Much Land Does a Man Need?" Four of Tolstoi's most beautiful stories, clearly printed on good stock and bound in boards.

YOU WHO CAN HELP by Mary Smith Churchill. Boston: Small, Maynard Co., \$1.25.

Paris letters of an American army officer's wife serving with the American Fund for French Wounded. Illustrated.

EXERCISE AND SET-UP! by Samuel Delano, M.D. Boston: Four Seas Co., \$2.00.

Teaching that exercise concerns itself primarily with the influences surrounding circulation, and introducing an original scheme of chest movements with full directions. Illustrated.

LITTLE JOURNEYS TOWARDS PARIS 1914-1918 by Simeon Strunsky. New York: Henry Holt, 60c.

Paris approached from all points of the compass and by all means including poison gas. A humorous extravaganza. Illustrated.

THE WHITE FLAME OF FRANCE by Maude Radford Warren. Boston: Small, Maynard Co., \$1.50.

The front line trenches at Rheims during a bombardment, a London Zeppelin raid, the indestructibility of human ideals and courage; in a word, France in war time as viewed by a popular novelist. Illustrated.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF MAGAZINE VERSE edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Boston: Small, Maynard Co., \$2.00.

The best poetry of the past fifteen years which has been printed in American magazines. Indexed by poems, first lines and authors.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

What About Russia?

BY the time this issue of the MIRROR shall have appeared the President will have spoken the deciding word about Russia. He has already said we will stand by Russia. But how? No case has been made for allied intervention. There is a government in Russia. It has not asked for intervention. There is some doubt as to how the soviet stands as to the war. Some people who claim to know, think it is pro-German. Cables say the soviet has declared the region around Archangel and Kola a war zone. In that region are a billion or more dollars' worth of supplies sent to Russia before her collapse. British, French and American forces are said to be guarding those supplies from seizure by the Germans.

Whether the soviet will fight with the Germans or with the allies nobody knows. All the news from Russia is confusing. The only thing upon which everyone is agreed is that if the Japanese should intervene the result would be to throw Russia into Germany's arms. The other allies have joined with President Wilson in opposing such action by the Japanese. Some authorities say that the Russian government is with Germany now; that is what Lenine and Trotzky are there for. But Mr. Louis Edgar Browne points out that wherever the soviet Red Guard is fighting it is fighting the Germans, as in Finland. Mr. Browne, who has spent a great deal of time in Russia for the Chicago Daily News is clamorous against any military interposition. He says that the allies and more particularly the United States should send a strong commission to Russia in order first to make clear that the allies want no Russian territory and do want to make Germany give up what she has taken. The allies should tell the soviet that they will help with money, with railroad and industrial organizers—tell them in short something like what the commission headed by Elihu Root told them. It is unpleasant to remember, but it is none the less true, that what the Root commission told the revolutionists had very little effect. The soviet protests German action in violation of the Brest-Litovsk treaty but its protest is not backed by force. There is no force to back it up.

Meanwhile, from all accounts, German penetration proceeds. It is a penetration that finds welcome among all the elements desiring order. The bourgeois want it. This is a point in favor of our doing something for Russia. For the greater part of Russia is against anything the bourgeois want. If the bourgeois are for Germany we can be patient yet a little while, but not too long. Mr. Browne says that we must not cross the purposes of the Bolsheviki by joining or appearing to join with the bourgeois. The Bolsheviki, he says, have 20,000 agents in Austria stirring up discontent among the people behind the dual empire's armies. They are fighting our battle by weakening the spirit of Germany's ally. Opposition to the Bolsheviki just now would be equivalent in their minds to an effort to a restoration of the old conditions.

The Russians are more nearly unanimous in a desire for peace than on anything else. The allies must therefore go slowly in trying to stir them up to war again. The only thing it is argued that can do that effectively is a realization of Germany's purpose to organize the country in her own interest. It will take some time for such realization to dawn

upon the Russian people. A good, strong American propaganda might hasten its coming; but all the while there are Lenine and Trotzky and their supporters proclaiming that the United States is as imperialistically bourgeois as Great Britain or France. Lenine and Trotzky, who are in power, are not saying a word against Germany. They might flame forth as pro-Germans undisguised if we made any movement that has a military aspect. The soviet seems to be in some dubious attitude.

Upon the whole the weight of the argument is against military intervention, though of course we and the allies will protect those supplies. We cannot let the Germans have them. The question is whether what passes for a government in Russia will support us in saving the goods, munitions, food, clothing, agricultural implements, etc., which we shipped to Russia when she was with us in the war. The Russians themselves are not using those goods, thousands of acres of them. They appear not even to be guarding them. Of course if we clash with the Germans over those supplies we shall be at war with Germany on Russian soil, and the war once started cannot stop. It seems that the practical policy then is "watchful waiting" to let events shape our course. Meanwhile something might be done by a commission from this country that would assure Russians of our honorable intention towards that country. We might send them more supplies of food. We might help them financially and put industry upon its feet once more. And so the argument goes around in a circle. It gets nowhere. The question remains whether we shall take a chance on making Russia an open enemy by intervention. At present she may be considered a rather sulky neutral as to us. But Germany seems to be gaining more and more control. It may be just as well, therefore, for us to go in and give her a fight for control, such a fight as will make her withdraw forces from the western front. If she is organizing Russia against us we may as well oppose it and make it more difficult. But then the problem comes of how we are to do anything militarily that will be worth while and do it in time to be effective. It is hard to get at the Germans. They are a long way off. Besides, the allies and ourselves have not the men nor the ships necessary to take action upon a large scale. We might easily send an army there that would be as completely "interned" as that army at Gallipoli. This is no time to waste men or ships or time. The political value of military action, so far as Russia is concerned, is problematical. It would seem to me that intervention would be a desperately long shot, that it would be better to concentrate on the western front and smash Germany there before she can organize Russia militarily. Meanwhile we could try to win over the Russians by helping them financially and industrially. We can probably stop any drift there may be toward active support of Germany.

The best policy is not to intervene, but to protect those supplies. President Wilson knows more about the situation than anybody. The ordinary person after arguing the matter "about it and about" can only come to one conclusion. That is that we could do more to help Russia if we were sure that Russia or her government is doing anything to help herself. If she is doing anything we don't know it. "In case of doubt do nothing" holds good. Do nothing, that is to say, that will drive the Russians to support of Germany. Try to educate them to appreciation of

our friendly purpose, but take no man-power for use in Russia that can be used on the western front.

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Stop the Profiteering

PROFITEERING is rampant. The Federal Trades Commission report shows it. So we are told do the income tax returns show it. There are many people who say "What's the difference? The income tax and the excess profits tax will get the big profits." That is not an answer. The income tax and the excess profits tax do not help the people who are gouged and bled. For the people who are made to yield the profits have to pay taxes as well as yield the profits. After the income taxes and the excess profits tax have been paid the public still pours billions into the pockets of a few in exorbitant prices. Increasing those taxes won't help the situation. Nothing will help but a vast extension of price-fixing on all products. It is in order to take over the big food-making concerns—the meat trust with its train of little trusts. If the farmers' profits are to be limited, why not the manufacturers'? The conclusion is not arguable. Stop profiteering or profiteering may impair our effectiveness in the war. Stop the hiding of profits in big salaries and improvised overhead charges. The government must protect the people against the big business grafters. The income tax and the excess profits tax do not get the profits to any great extent.

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A More Dangerous Strike

THE government will take over the telegraphs and the telephones to avert a strike. The government should take over the packing plants and some of the other big plants to avert the impoverishment of the people. If the profiteers are not checked there may be a bigger strike than one of the telegraph operators.

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Universal Training

WE are to have general military training of youths of eighteen after the war. Such military training will be only rudimentary, it is understood. It will be undertaken to provide a basis for industrial and vocational training. As this is a democracy we can keep the military training from becoming predominant. It would be well, while provision is being made for such training, to take up also the plan of Senator Pomerene, advanced when war was declared, for curing all the young men called for such training, of those defects which make men ineligible for service. Most of those defects are remediable. Universal training in discipline and in industrial pursuits is a good thing but it would be all the better if it were supplemented by giving all our young men a start in the world with the best of good health. If we could get rid of most of the curable ailments discovered in the medical examination of the draft registrants we should soon be the healthiest and therefore the most efficient and moral people in the world. Provided of course that the system doesn't march us goose-step fashion out of all conception of or consideration for morality.

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A Teuton Triumph

ANOTHER German victory this week. A u-boat sank a hospital ship. I suppose the Germans smashed a cathedral or two and bombed an orphanage here and there, but those things don't count. When a u-boat gets a hospital ship it's so much more progress towards freedom of the seas.

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IF only Governor Gardner had appointed Xenophon P. Willey police commissioner of St. Louis, and Thomas J. Sheehan United States senator from Missouri, how much better it would have been for

everybody. What wicked fairy mixed up the appointments for the governor?

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A Call for Facts

JUST to keep the record straight it is in order to observe that the British government has not presented one bit of evidence connecting the Irish Sinn Feiners with a German plot. Hundreds of Irishmen are under arrest with no specific charge against them. They were jailed about the time the government determined to conscribe the Irish. Now the proposal of Irish conscription has been dropped, along with home rule. The prisoners therefore couldn't have violated a conscription act. It is not shown that they conspired to revolt synchronously with the great German drive. Over in England it is said this government has evidence of a plot between Sinn Fein and Germany. If so, why not publish it?

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ON the western front the allies and the Americans await another drive. They will stop it. It's a habit with them.

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Domestic Reforms and War

THE Farmers' Non-Partisan League, which scared many politicians in the northwest, has been hard hit at the polls in Minnesota and in North Dakota. Its candidates in the primaries have been either defeated or returned by narrow margins. I have followed the affairs of the league for some time and must confess that I saw nothing in them that justified the attack upon the organization that seems to have put it out of business temporarily. It was broadly agrarian. It demanded state-controlled elevators. It wanted hail insurance conducted by the state. It favored the exemption from taxation of farm improvements. It was rabid against the railroads. But those are not the things that defeated the Non-Partisan League. That trick was turned by the vociferation of the charge that the organization was disloyal, that it was pro-German. I have not seen a scintilla of evidence in support of the accusation. Of course Senator La Follette addressed a meeting under the league's auspices but even that speech was proved to be not what it was reported to have been. The Associated Press publicly acknowledged that Senator La Follette in criticising the war had not said that Germany had given us no cause for going to war. He admitted that the Germans had given us some cause. Of course, even as amended, the senator's speech was not fervently loyal, but his speech did not commit the organization to war-obstruction. The league newspapers that I have read do not oppose the war. They are simply good populist publications, perhaps more immediately concerned with the woes of the farmer than with international questions. They did not like the price the government fixed for wheat, but many of the most loyal farmers all over the country felt the same way, as that always entertaining writer Charles Moreau Harger shows in an article on the farmer and three-dollar wheat, in this month's *Scribner's Magazine*. The farmers were critical, but they bought liberty bonds and war savings stamps and subscribed to the Red Cross even while they criticised. A price had been fixed for their wheat, but the cost of their labor went up and so did the cost of all agricultural implements. The farmers couldn't profiteer but those who sold them the things they needed profited without let or hindrance. The Non-Partisan League did not oppose conscription, though some few members may have done so. But the disloyalty tag was fixed on the organization so conspicuously that most of its membership deserted its candidates in the primaries. The loyalty of the membership is proved by the disintegration of the organization at the polls. A lot of old line politicians have profited by this loyalty. They have been put in line for good offices in Minnesota and North Dakota. Almost one is tempted to change

slightly the famous saying of Madame Roland, "O loyalty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" Domestic reformers should be very careful to keep their work from seeming to run counter to the war's prosecution. They should not in their enthusiasm for their pet proposals set them over and above the war in importance.

The only reformers from whom the country will stand anything like that are the prohibitionists. They can do it because they have such a strong backing in the churches that they can scare the congressmen and other politicians. They would rather lose the war than not have the country dry. They would rather have the people compulsorily sober than free. For prohibition they are willing to hold up appropriations for the carrying on of the war. Of all the disloyalists in the country the prohibitionists are the worst. They don't want the world made safe for democracy but they do want it run by a theocracy, as Mr. Bryan A. Roloson shows in his pamphlet, "Democracy and Prohibition" (Rolly & Co., Crestone, Colorado). I believe that the Non-Partisan League inclined to prohibition, but its antagonism to the war went no further than that directly. I see that a lot of single taxers have tied themselves up with prohibition in the new National Party—a thing that is enough to make Henry George turn over in his grave. Mr. George, like Mr. Roloson, believed that internal revenue and other taxation on liquor fostered the liquor evil by making its manufacture and sale a profitable privilege. It is only too easy in these times for representatives of privileged interests to defeat the advocates of social and economic reform by showing or appearing to show them to be opposed to the war. Those interests are inclined to play hand-in-glove with the prohibitionists, for if people can be worked up on the liquor question they won't even think of anything else.

Those real fundamental reformers who hope to gain anything for their cause by tying up their issue with prohibition are destined to disappointment. Prohibition is largely financed by people who do not want the economic *status quo* disturbed in the least. The thing for all reformers to remember to-day is that if we don't defeat the Germans we won't have a thing to say about forming or reforming anything. The Germans will come over here and take charge of affairs. We won't have a country to do anything with but pay indemnities. Messrs. Hurley, Colby, Schwab and Gompers say very plainly that prohibition will obstruct industrial co-operation with the fighting forces and may lose the war for us. All the other reformers therefore should pull away from the prohibitionists and subordinate their reform proposals to the one big business of the civilized world—the smashing of Germany's scientific barbarism. The Grange, tenant farmers' associations, socialists, single taxers and others must so conduct their agitations as to make them consistent with the war task before us. What has befallen the Non-Partisan League in Minnesota and North Dakota should be a warning to all the world re-makers not to give to the beneficiaries of the evils they would destroy such a weapon—with which to defeat all assaults and entrench the old wrongs more strongly in the political and social system—as the charge of disloyalty.

There may be no stopping the prohibitionists now in the pursuit of their purpose to put their kind of God in the constitution, as the National Reform Association proposes. Let them proceed upon the principle enunciated by Henry Collin Minton, LL.D., the president of that association: "A man may be a good soldier but a bad man. The martyr to civil liberty may be a slave in spiritual thralldom. It is a great mistake to regard military valor or patriotic services as a substitute for personal discipleship of the Lord Jesus Christ, or to accept allegiance to the flag, however pure, or to the state, however noble, for personal devotion to the King of kings and Lord of lords, whose authority is supreme." This association says that government of the people, by the people for the people is "political atheism"—

which is exactly what the Kaiser, the noisy partner of *Gott*, proclaims and fights for. "God is the right-ful sovereign," says the Prohibition party, and not the individual voter. This is the thing the drys would set up in government, in opposition to democracy. This is theocracy. It means a government by a priesthood for a priesthood. All fundamentally democratic reformers should have nothing to do with it, for a priesthood in politics is opposed to all things democratic. It is pursuing now a policy of political intimidation against the government. It is making the war an excuse for the tyrannous imposition of a code of asceticism in conduct upon a people in no need of such astringent "salvation." This country's junkers are all in favor of it. To fight booze distracts attention from them and their misdeeds. They howl "disloyal" and "pro-German" at every set of reformers but the prohibitionists. Other reformers should not give our junkers a chance to discredit their loyalty. They should repudiate all those reformers who oppose the war. They should not break themselves politically as the Non-Partisan League has done by appearing—only appearing—to care more for other things than the winning of the war. And there is not any real reform in economics or politics that prohibition will help to accomplish.

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An Officious Person

PRESIDENT S. STANWOOD of the National Security League attacked the loyalty of the University of Wisconsin and attested the loyalty of the Hearst newspapers. Then he lost his job as the national arbiter of personal patriotism. He appointed himself to the position. He's the kind of man that will find himself another of the same kind. He is well-meaning but just naturally officious, so he will always have plenty of trouble. The pity is that he won't be able to confine the trouble to himself.

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Zimmermanism

THERE'S not much doubt that the Zimmerman virus is working in Mexico, as it is in Argentina. It's a bad virus and there may be but one cure for it—the phlebotomy of the sword. Meanwhile, the administration is watchfully waiting. The watchfulness is keen, as attested by our protest against confiscation of the oil properties of our nationals. The waiting has been patient but it may not last much longer. Uncle Sam's sword is out of the scabbard, drawn for a bigger job of blood-letting against Zimmermanism in *excelsis* and it may be readily used in the lesser case of infection. As President Wilson says, we want nothing of Mexico. Nothing, that is, except ordinary international politeness, and that, as the sailorman said to the Gloucester skipper, of the damndest commonest kind.

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Simplify the Draft

IT is a wise decision to make no change in the draft age. The thing to do is to sweep all the registered men of the draft so far made into the army, except those manifestly unfit. There should be but two classes, the accepted and the rejected, as a member of the local draft board wrote in the *MIRROR* about four weeks ago. Such a treatment of the draft question would end a great deal of uncertainty among the registrants who cannot get jobs or venture into business undertakings because they don't know whether or when they will be called. This method would not hurt the labor situation as to the war. The men between thirty-one and forty-five can be deflected into war work if and when the government sees fit to do so.

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Gompers and His Critics

SOME of our newer publicists are saying that Samuel Gompers does not want a Labor party in

politics because he could not control it. Well, Samuel Gompers may appropriately reply that the reason these newer publicists want an American Labor party is because they think they can control it. They may be suspected of wishing to be a lot of bosses just like they say Gompers and his crowd are in the American Federation of Labor. It is my opinion that considering what Gompers and his crowd have done for the furtherance of our participation in the war, they are entitled to some recognition. What of labor in the United States can the intellectualist critics of Gompers and his "clique" deliver on any proposition? Have the unionists the confidence in *The New Republic* that they have in their ever faithful "Sam?" Gompers is talking of and working for war. His opponents are talking of peace by negotiation. A Labor party must be made up mostly of laboring men as generally understood. The men and the periodicals that are engaged in an offensive of disparagement against Gompers never get into a trade union meeting. They seem to think better of the Industrial Workers of the World—with that organization's sabotage against war work and its antagonism to conscription—than they do of what Gompers has done and is doing to help the government to victory. *The New Republic* and one or two other papers want an I. W. W. Labor party. I doubt if the remainder of the country wants an American Federation of Labor party, but I'm sure it doesn't want an I. W. W. party. Not that the I. W. Ws. have no grievances, but because those men do not actually favor political but rather violent methods of redress of grievances. The idealist and intellectualist "friends of labor" seem to me not to want so much an American as an internationalist or rather European labor party. If the men in the American Federation of Labor who hold by the internationalist idea had had their way there would not have been such an easy acceptance of conscription here, and there would have been much more strike trouble in the factories where war work is being done. I'd rather have a Labor party headed by Gompers than one headed by a lot of "kept idealists" who have never labored in their lives except in a Pickwickian sense. The British Labor party programme is a good one. No one can say otherwise. But Gompers has not turned it down. He favors it and so do most of his followers. What he does not favor is a laborite interposition with peace proposals pending the fighting out of the war. Gompers wants no truck with labor elements in Germany that have supported the German war from the beginning. He does not want to dicker with those men and ingeminate among allied peoples a peace sentiment that might weaken allied war forces while the Germans gathered strength for greater military operations. Labor according to Gompers must have a say in the peace conference after the war. There is no evidence that Teuton labor can exercise any influence to bring their government to accept decent terms of peace. The intellectualists and idealists who theorize on labor in weekly papers circulating among amateur doctrinaires have made no case for the conference of allied with German labor. Gompers has all the best of the argument. And more than that, he is strengthening Labor all the time. He is making it more acceptable to other so-called classes in the community. He is building a Labor party that will know its business from the ground up, while his critics are talking about it from the clouds, Yale or Harvard, down. Parties are not built in the latter fashion. And as for intellectualism I have heard Sam Gompers and other Federationists talk it—talk almost pure Hegelianism, even as Ben Tillett talked it to me in London—and they know that "angle" of the labor party question better than those clever young university fellows who are pointing the admonitory and often the scornful finger at the little man whose crown is a skullcap. I wouldn't shut the intellectualists out of a Labor party, if one were to be formed in this country. Neither would Gompers. But the men to make and lead such a party are those who have fought the workingmen's

fight and learned its tactics on many a hard-fought field, not the men who have approached the subject from a point of view theoretical or academic. Gompers has the goods.

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The War and the Constitution

By Charles B. Mitchell

I AM not yet on the sunny side of fifty years, but I can still remember the days when our people looked upon the American Constitution as little less divinely-inspired than Holy Writ. One used frequently to hear the sonorous praise of Gladstone, that the Constitution was the most wonderful document ever produced by a single effort of the human brain, repeated in almost the same tone in which orthodox clergymen quoted his defense of the geology of the Pentateuch. Within the last ten or fifteen years this ancient reverence has waned. It is no longer considered a mark of insanity to argue that the Constitution, as they used to say in England of the House of Lords, must either be "mended or ended." This changed attitude is largely due to two causes. A more realistic school of historical investigators has discovered that the constitution was really the product of economic interests rather than of divine inspiration; and the advocates of growing democracy have often found the constitution as expounded by the supreme court standing squarely in the way of social changes imperatively demanded by the public welfare, as in the *Lochner Bakeshop* case, over which Roosevelt used to grow furious in the days when he advocated the recall of judicial decisions.

Of course since the war began these discussions of the merits and demerits of the constitution have died down. Most sensible men have declared a moratorium for the duration of the conflict on all controversies except how best to crush the enemy. The usefulness of any reformatory propaganda depends on our having a country and a government to reform. Should German militarism dominate America, such propaganda would be "love's labor lost." After the war is over these discussions will be resumed, if there is any need to do so. I am inclined to think, however, that many of the attacks on the constitution, which have lately been so frequent, will not be renewed except by those who wish to destroy our present social order, instead of purging and reconstructing it. I believe the war will profoundly modify the working constitution of America, and obviate most of the defects pointed out by its critics in discussions before the war.

It is a fiction that the Fathers of 1787 established a constitution changeable only by the slow process of amendment provided for in itself. The American constitutional system is to be found in the words ordained by the Fathers, plus the subsequent interpretations of the supreme court. Like the Talmud of the Jews, the commentary has become much more extensive and significant than the original text, and is being constantly added to. By this process the actual working system has been continually changing, even in the absence of amendments to the original text. Hamilton would not have recognized the constitution as interpreted by Roger B. Taney. The great constitutional lawyers of the forties would not recognize the constitution of 1918. Both in the origin and interpretation of the constitution, war has been a prominent factor. The document grew out of conditions created by the revolutionary war. Had not that struggle produced such widespread poverty and distress as to result in debtors' revolts, and the passage of stay laws by the state legislatures, it is doubtful whether the far-reaching clauses which guard the sanctity of contracts would have been included in the convention. The greatest controversy yet as to the fundamental nature of the constitution was settled by the civil war. The dis-

ciples of Webster and Calhoun might have debated it for generations. But in an evil hour for themselves, the followers of Calhoun threw down the gage of battle. Chief Justice Waite simply registered the result of the conflict when he said, in the great case of *Texas v. White*, that the constitution contemplated an "indissoluble union of indestructible states." It would be easy to show, if one had time to follow the subject further, that the acquisition of overseas territory in 1898 has had important consequences in our constitutional jurisprudence. The supreme court is a large body and it moves slowly, but it does move, and the constitution with it. Necessity makes new law—even constitutional law.

This war had lasted but a little over a year when we found ourselves violating the constitution as previously understood. Let me cite a single conspicuous instance. It has been a constitutional axiom that congress could not regulate procedure in the state courts. On this ground it has been held that only the federal courts were bound to enforce congressional enactments making documents on which stamp taxes had not been paid inadmissible in evidence. But now congress has provided in the *Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Rights* act for stays of proceedings in all courts, state or federal, against defendants in the military or naval service of the United States. I am not criticising the law; on the contrary, I believe it to be a beneficial one; the point I am making is that we will have to stretch the constitution to hold it constitutional. Of course the supreme court will stretch the constitution. It ought to. That is what the supreme court is for. And this will probably be only the beginning of the expansions made necessary by the exigent conditions of the present terrible strife.

The constitution does more than open certain spheres to the power and jurisdiction of the federal government, and appoint the means by which that power and jurisdiction are to be exercised. It constitutes the government formed thereunder, the supreme custodian of the interests of the American people as a whole, and indicates the things which that government is expected to accomplish for the people. It is to establish justice, to insure domestic tranquility, to provide for the common defense, to promote the general welfare, to secure the blessings of liberty, not only to the generation which adopted it, but to their posterity.

The men who framed the constitution, intending it not for an hour only but for all time, meant to make it adequate to all the purposes they expected it to accomplish. Of course it is true, as the supreme court has observed, that the preamble is not to be looked to as containing a grant of any substantive power not conferred by the subsequent clauses; but this ruling does not forbid the use of the preamble as an aid in determining the scope of the powers expressly given to the general government, on the theory that the powers are to be interpreted as adequate to the purpose.

When, therefore, an imperative necessity arises; when, to use the language of the street, the American people are "up against it," we have a right to look to the supreme court to find within the constitution a power capable of coping with the emergency. Just now the necessity is to provide for the common defense. We are having to call millions of men for service overseas. Most men hesitate more on account of their loved ones, than of themselves. If they can be assured that their dependents will be taken care of, all right. To do this, the nation must guard against the power of others to take away the property of these men by litigation which cannot be defended from the trenches. Hence the provisions in the civil rights act already referred to. They are necessary as a provision for the common defense. The supreme court will hold that they are a legitimate exercise of the war powers of the general government.

The exigencies of war will accustom congress to

doing things which would have been previously considered unconstitutional. The same exigencies will accustom the supreme court to finding indications of power within the constitution to justify unprecedented proceedings. And yet the process will be one of expansion, not of reconstruction; of evolution, not of revolution. It is only fair to say that the roots of these new and broader constitutional interpretations are to be found in the enunciation of two great principles laid down by the supreme court in certain classic cases, perhaps without adequate realization of their scope, before the beginning of the war.

Chief Justice Marshall, in *McCulloch v. Maryland*, said that "the power to tax involves the power to destroy." In other words, given a public necessity sufficiently acute, there is no constitutional limit to the tax which the general government may levy for public purposes. And former Justice Hughes, in delivering the opinion of the court in the *Dakota Lard Pail* case and the *Florida Trading Stamp* case, gave to the police power an unprecedentedly broad construction. He defined it, in substance, as the power of the government to enact into law the dictates of an enlightened public opinion as to what conduct is dangerous and what is beneficial to the public welfare. Under the exigencies of war we have seen an excess profits tax levied which amounts to sixty per cent of the net profits of a business in some cases; and Mr. McAdoo has recently called public attention to the fact that England has already taken for public use, by taxation, eighty per cent of the profits in all lines of business. Of the laws which are being passed by congress providing for the regulation of business for war purposes, which would have made the constitutional lawyers of thirty or seventy years ago gasp like fish out of water, the *Soldiers' and Sailors' Civil Rights* act, in the particulars before mentioned, may stand as a sample. There is no question that these laws will be sustained by the supreme court if their constitutionality is ever questioned; and they will be sustained on the principles of Marshall and Hughes.

When peace returns we shall find ourselves facing exigencies not less acute than those of war. Our great social problems were approaching an acute and revolutionary stage, even before the war. The war will tremendously intensify their urgency. After peace is declared the insurance of domestic tranquility and the promotion of general welfare will be as difficult tasks as provision for the common defense is now.

When we come to face these problems, with a social conscience quickened by the tragedies of war; with an inventive resourcefulness heightened by the necessity of meeting the rapid and shifting emergencies of war; with a supreme court shaken out of its ancient routine and slavery to precedent, we shall find ourselves with what seems a new constitution; and yet it will be only the old constitution more adequately, fearlessly and contemporaneously construed, and once more proving itself capable of growing with the utmost growth of the people, if only given a fair chance. Measures will probably be taken, laws passed, institutions established and policies domesticated in our jurisprudence that would have staggered the congressmen and supreme court justices of 1850.

It being assumed in the case of the war powers of the general government that any means is legitimate which tends to accomplish the end of the power, there will be no reason why the police power, which has for its object the protection of the public health and welfare, should ever be interpreted any less broadly than Justice Hughes interpreted it in the *Lard Pail* case. Such a decision as the *Lockner Bakeshop* case will never be rendered again; the purpose of saving life, under the police power, will be recognized as at least of equal importance with that of destroying life.

Minimum wage laws, laws limiting hours of labor and providing for improved working conditions will be matters of course, and their constitutionality not

open to question. The way will be open, if the American people choose to follow it, for pensioning and providing for those engaged in the constructive work of peace as well as those who have come home from the destructive work of war.

The problem of distribution, with all the minor and secondary questions which arise from it, will be the great problem remaining for the solution of the American people by government action; and with the breadth and scope of the taxing power as it will be accepted at the end of the war, and the necessity for enormous levies to meet the debt remaining after the war, as well as those created by the reconstructive work of peace, the government will have little difficulty in dealing with aggregations of wealth large enough to be a menace to public welfare.

In certain circles there has been much criticism of the supreme court for its decision that the employer who desires to maintain an open shop has a right to legal protection against attempts to "unionize" his plant, even when this is attempted by peaceful means. But the true significance of the decision is not realized until we place it side by side with those establishing and applying such principles as we have just mentioned, which open a way for the objects of the union, so far as they are legitimate, to be accomplished. When this juxtaposition is made, few intelligent citizens will object to the anti-union decision. The unions have always been extra-legal bodies. Their activities have been in essence revolutionary. The ordinary strike is an incipient revolution, and the revolution is frequently conceived as a general strike. Public discussion and governmental action are the agencies of social evolution; and evolution, rather than revolution, is the law of nature. With ancient constitutional barriers thrown down by a more statesmanlike and socially sensitive interpretation of the constitution, we shall probably have, after the war, a labor party instead of a labor army, as the unions are now; legitimate discussion and political activities instead of riot and sabotage; and legislation in accordance with the enlarged and expanded constitution, instead of frantic demands that the ancient instrument of government be thrown into the discard.

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Pallisy in the Bastile

By John L. Hervey

THEY have exhumed me from the oubliette
Where first they flung me, deep beneath the
fosse,
And brought me up to die before the cross
That I refused to worship. See!—'tis set
Where my last look must rest upon it. Yet
I shall not see it! Theirs, not mine, the loss;
Naught is their mumming but religion's dross—
My soul shall not be snared in such a net.

But I am sick of faith and heresy—

I will be quit of them. . . . But ah, the glaze!

The glaze whose secret cost me twenty years!
Its lambent lustre flames and leaps and plays
Before my eyes! Shimmers and disappears—
They had it all the while in Italy!

♦♦♦♦

Reactions of a Reader

XIII. TO LITERARY SOULS

By Alliterarius

"THE PROFESSOR," that New poem which Howard Mumford Jones recently contributed to the *MIRROR*, made an instant hit with me. I consider it the real thing. If every professor who reads it does not straightway hie himself to inner darkness for the purpose of communing with his soul—why, they are even a more deplorable

set of beings than all along I have supposed them. And that, certainly, would be awful!

Why doesn't somebody abolish professors? And academies? And all such? It ought to be done, on many accounts, but most particularly because of Mr. Jones' revelations. Namely, that they have no souls. Despite this they insist upon putting their oars into literature, when, as everybody knows, you can't get across there, not at the narrowest crossing, without all the soul you can ship—scads of it, in fact.

I have always been very strong for soul in literature. Always. But my inability exactly to describe or define it, even to myself, has kept me unsettled-like, as it were. Now, when Mr. Jones got to going it strong, I was on the point of jumping up and cracking my heels together and crying "Eureka!"—or just simply "Bully!" For Mr. Jones was getting there at such a rate I felt sure that here at last was a poet (poets naturally know most about the subject) who could tell me just exactly what a soul was. All the how, why and wherefore, also the rest of it. But it was a false alarm. For, just as I have said, he had got to going so strong that I was prepared for the sudden and blinding illumination which, like the apparition of the burning bush to Moses—or was it Moses?—I wish I could recollect!—should transfigure my existence henceforth and forever, why, he pulls up short and I come a terrific cropper with the lame and impotent conclusion that "The soul is not known to any man, nor is it known to God."

It will take me some time to recover from this rude shock. Additional time, in fact, for does not the shocking Mr. Jones, the next moment, go galloping off into the mountains with the Star of his Desire (who is evidently not at all a soulful personage, but, I suspect, rather of a siren) where their goings on together, I judge, will be the reverse of transcendental.

It is these bitter disappointments which, sooner or later, alienate the most soulful from poetry, even as previously and in another manner they have been alienated from professors. But I forgive Mr. Jones. For one blissful moment, at least, I felt a-tiptoe upon the verge of the great discovery, and for such a moment, even if so fleeting, my best thanks are due. . . . I cannot remember ever having offered thanks to a professor!

Speaking of souls, have you tried to take up with those recently translated (by Mr. Teixeira de Mattos) from the Dutch of Louis Couperus? I had rather learned to confide in Mr. de Mattos as a translator, for he has beautifully performed that office in the cases of Maeterlinck, Loti and Fabre, to mention only the most notable instances. Moreover, in the case of Couperus, he accompanied his translation with a most impassioned eulogy of his originals.

Well, I have tried two of these volumes, to-wit, "The Book of the Small Souls" and "The Twilight of the Souls." And—you must permit the paronomasia, for I can't otherwise express myself—bless my soul if I can find any souls about 'em! I found everything else, almost. But not a vestige of what so eagerly I was in quest. The fault, of course, may be mine. Perhaps I am incapable of knowing a Dutch soul when I see one—even when it has been translated into beautiful English by Mr. Teixeira de Mattos.

But if I haven't been able to discern these Dutch souls at all, I have something else. I may as well confess that early in life I imbibed the idea that the Dutch are phlegmatic. All my history books told me so. So did all the professors. Then I studied the Dutch masters—painters, I mean—and I discovered that there seemed, along with this phlegmatic character, a liberal addiction to beer and skittles, also

to such Stars of Desire as were handy; the said Stars being, for the most part, the opposite of ethereal in person or demeanor. Putting two and two—or three—together, I decided about the Dutch to my own satisfaction, and I never altered these cherished convictions until I encountered Mr. Couperus. Beneath those phlegmatic and bovine exteriors, it now seems, there is concealed, not beer and skittles, Jorams and Joans, with, perchance, a tendency toward tulips as an extenuating fact, but such morasses of psychopathologicality as I, for one, shudder to contemplate. What a happy hunting ground for the Freudians and the Jungkers does not Mr. Couperus afford! He not only revels—he wades and wallows in such a concatenation of neurasthenia, erotomania, abnormality, depravity and perversion, ending always in the deepest abysses of despair, as would turn Ibsen livid with envy were he still alive.

And this, according to Mr. Couperus, is "soul." We have had the Norse "soul" unveiled by Ibsen, and the Swedish by Strindberg, and the Russian by Gorky and Artzibashev and Tchekov and Sologub, to say nothing of Dostoevsky. Mr. Couperus, manifestly, has not remained oblivious of the classic models. He has the whole box of tricks well memorized, and in addition he has certain soulful material of his own which he adds. The result is that of all these different souls none beats the Dutch.

Mme. Nazimova has lately been delighting the intelligentsia of Gotham with a series of Ibsen revivals. *Nora* and *Hedda*, *et id genus omnes*, she has been interpreting to the great joy of these multitudes—interpreting them in that unique style, physically and psychologically, which, if you have ever witnessed her histrionic endeavors, you will without trouble visualize. But, alas, there is an end to all things, even the Ibsenian repertoire, or such possibilities as it holds for Mme. Nazimova. However, when *Hedda*, *Nora*, *et cie*, cease to pack the house—why, what so feasible as to turn to Mr. Couperus? I don't know what the dramatic rights of his "souls" may be—but I feel sure that for the purpose of cheering and elevating the masses during the progress of the great war, Mme. Nazimova's management could and should obtain them for her.

This is a sublime idea, and I charge absolutely nothing for it, after the precedent of true benefactors. I am, you see, perfectly altruistic. While unable to "see" the Dutch soul myself, I am eager to have others see it—particularly certain of its feminine incarnations as portrayed by Mr. Couperus and acted by Mme. Nazimova, who, in this domain of dramatic art, is unrivaled,—a very Star of Desire, indeed, if I may again employ the felicitous simile of Mr. Jones.

Incidentally, I wish Mr. Jones would write us a New poem upon Mme. Nazimova, as good as that which he wrote about "The Professor." He might do it in the same way—in sections. Call the first *Hedda*, the second *Nora*, and the third whichever of the Couperus souls most takes his imagination. I think he would do something great and he could also get away from some of that Oriental imagery which—without disrespect to him at all—I feel obliged to remark is beginning to smack just a trifle of the *cliché*. I think it would help a whole lot to cut out the sapphire and jacinth and beryl, and especially the green jade (Mr. David O'Neil has a copyright here which of course he will protect) and use something Dutch. Poetry is horribly shy on Dutch heroines—I cannot for the life of me call one to mind. This I think is because poets, as a rule, must have conceived them somewhat as did I before the advent of Mr. Couperus. A bulbous heroine without a soul is something abhorrent to all feeling hearts, but now that we have learned that the Dutch do have souls, souls which actually beat the Scandinavians and the Russians, and at their own game, the rest is easy.

Go to it, Mme. Nazimova! Go to it, Mr. Jones!

To American and British Soldiers

By Alfred Noyes

On the occasion of the recent dedication of a monument at Princeton to the American and British soldiers who died there in battle and were buried in the same trench.

I

HERE Freedom stood, by slaughtered friend
and foe,
And, ere the wrath paled or that sunset died,
Looked through the ages: then, with eyes aglow,
Laid them, to wait that future, side by side.

II

Now lamp-lit gardens in the blue dusk shine
Through dog-wood red and white
And round the gray quadrangles, line by line,
The windows fills with light,
Where Princeton calls to Oxford, tower to tower,
Twin lanterns of the law,
And those cream-white magnolia boughs embower
The halls of old Nassau.

III

The dark bronze tigers crouch on either side
Where red-coats used to pass,
And round the bird-loved house where Mercer died
And violets dusk the grass,
By Stony Brook that ran so red of old,
But sings of friendship now,
To feed the old enemy's harvest fifty-fold
The green earth takes the plough.

IV

Through this May night if one great ghost should
stray
With deep remembering eyes,
Where that old meadow of battle smiles away
Its blood-stained memories,
If Washington should walk, where friend and foe
Sleep and forget the past,
Be sure his unquenched heart would leap to know
Their hosts are joined at last.

V

Be sure he walks, in shadowy buff and blue,
Where those dim lilacs wave,
He bends his head to bless, as dreams come true,
The promise of that grave,
Then with a vaster hope than thought can scan,
Touching his ancient sword,
Prays for that mightier realm of God in man,
"Hasten Thy Kingdom, Lord."

VI

"Land of our hope, land of the singing stars,
Type of the world to be,
The vision of a world set free from wars
Takes life, takes form, from thee,
Where all the jarring nations of this earth,
Beneath the all-blessing sun,
Bring the new music of mankind to birth,
And make the whole world one."

VII

And those old comrades rise around him there,
Old foemen, side by side,
With eyes like stars upon the brave night-air,
And young as when they died,
To hear your bells, O beautiful Princeton towers,
Ring for the world's release.
They see you, piercing like gray swords through
flowers,
And smile from hearts at peace.

Dehydration

By Owen Merryhue

THE profound derangement of our economic machinery caused by the great war, has forced a new evaluation of the processes by which "we live and move and have our being." Destruction of life on a colossal scale has, paradoxically, made us more solicitous concerning the various instrumentalities devoted to life-saving. The draft of millions of men into the army, the navy and their subsidiary industries has given the casual workman steady employment at wages which would have seemed a dream two years ago, and has brought the army of the unemployed into full activity. As a result, probably a larger percentage of the people of the United States are eating three square meals a day than at any time since the civil war; and this, in spite of the fact that a large number of families have had no increase in income, and prices are steadily rising. Hence notwithstanding all injunctions to economize food much more food is being consumed than in normal times, because more people have the money to command it, and need it.

The three big factors in making food available for use are production, distribution and conservation. Every effort is being made to stimulate production and to mobilize the forces of distribution. The third point, conservation, has been imperfectly covered. Estimates indicate that thirty per cent of vegetables and fruits is lost every year from lack of suitable and available means of conservation. Some of the supply is sent to market fresh, and in this every farmer knows that the waste is enormous; some is preserved for subsequent household use; an enormous quantity is canned, but it is a small fraction of the total product; the rest rots, except for the infinitesimal amount which is evaporated or dessicated.

The latter method of food preservation had assumed vastly greater dimensions in Europe, in the years preceding the war, than here. Germany had a thousand drying plants, whose product has been a vital factor in sustaining life in the isolated empires. Since the beginning of the war the number of these plants has been doubled and the output enormously increased.

The reason that this method has never attained popularity here is not far to seek. Food preserved in this way though it may be nutritious is unpalatable. The authorities are now agreed that unpalatable food is less nutritious, because it does not stimulate the secretion of the juices which aid digestion. In spite of flattering testimonials to their succulency, people who try these dried foods do not repeat the experience unless they can get nothing else.

The cause of the unpalatability is obvious to anyone who has given the subject a little study. Practically all the methods depend upon hot air currents to dry the vegetables. The flavor, natural oils, etc., which give palatability are contained in the vegetable cells which also contain water. When a high temperature is applied the water turns into steam and these cells burst. This is what happens when vegetables are cooked, but as they are usually eaten promptly, the flavor has not had time to disappear. But if after being subjected to such action the article is laid aside to be cooked again some weeks or months later, practically all the taste has gone and the palatability has disappeared. In varying degree, this statement applies to all such goods on the market to-day. The Department of Agriculture has been working hard to stimulate this form of conservation and popularize it, but the goods produced defeat these efforts to extend their own consumption, for the reasons set forth above.

If this were all there is to say on the subject, it would be useless to say it, for only under famine conditions will the American people consume, on any large scale, dried, dessicated or evaporated vegetables or fruits of the kind now generally on the market.

But there is much more to be said. About a dozen years ago a student of the subject, named Cooke, discovered a principle which made conservation by drying possible without the objectionable features which have rendered all other methods futile. Up to date it has not obtained that support of capital necessary to place its products on the market. Its simplicity is such that it is comprehensible by the least technical. It is applicable to meat and fish, as well as to fruits and vegetables. The underlying principle of preserving by dessication is the fact that all foodstuffs pass through fermentation on the road to decay. Fermentation is impossible without water; the plants and meats contain the water in themselves necessary to set up this fermentation.

Cooke, with the aid of John F. Kelly, an electrical engineer, solved the process of getting this water out without the objectionable consequences present in all other processes. He introduced chemically or physically dried air into a chamber, in which the substances to be treated were placed under slight pressure and in such a way as to produce a constant air motion in opposite directions. The temperature varies for different goods but is never high. As the result of this method the process, known as osmosis, by which the plants absorb moisture into their cells, is reversed. The cells sweat and the dry air takes up and carries away the water. No material element of the vegetable is removed; it can be restored to a fresh condition by the addition of water, or in the case of vegetables to be cooked by boiling, merely by putting them in the pot in the ordinary way, with enough extra water to make up for the abnormal dryness of the vegetable. Most of the products now sold in dessicated form require to be soaked in water for a number of hours or over-night, which, as every cook knows, would tend to make even fresh vegetables flat in taste. Excellent judges have been unable to distinguish between the Cooke-Kelly products and fresh vegetables. They are greatly superior to even the best canned goods.

Some estimate of the saving which could be made by the general adoption of this process as a substitute for canning, can be formed from the fact that a gallon can of string beans, put up in the ordinary fashion, weighs about 5¾ lbs., with the can. The equivalent in dried form in a carton container would weigh not more than 3½ oz. The difference is water and tin and iron for which the consumer must pay, in addition to the increased transportation charges. A case containing six gallon cans of vegetables will weigh (with box) from 40 to 50 lbs. This would be represented by a medium-sized carton, weighing not to exceed 24 oz.; and the goods would be in every way more palatable and nutritious.

To many people who are not familiar with the difficulty involved in securing capital for any new enterprise, if it conflicts with established industries, it will seem incredible that so valuable a process should lack means of development. But such is the fact. At first blush it would seem that the federal government would grasp it at once, quite as eagerly as it would a new gun or an aeroplane motor. It is not too much to say that its influence on the future of humanity will be greater than that of any such device. But the government has other things to think of. It is very properly averse to engaging in schemes which have not already proved their worth in the market. One may well imagine that all sorts of wild suggestions have been offered to it. The government has limited its financial assistance to going concerns, and this policy is dictated by prudence. In the present instance, the fact that the government does not develop the process makes capitalists suspicious, because they are prone to believe that there must be some defect in the method or that

otherwise, seeing the great importance of the plan, if feasible, the government would take it up.

Hence effective progress will be stopped, unless popular demand arises for more positive governmental action. The people are likely to be forced to take a keen interest in the matter, especially at the close of the war. At present only half of Europe is competing for our food supply. A food vacuum is being formed in the central empires. It will be a long time after the armies disband before crops can be raised to meet normal needs, not to speak of creating that working surplus without which prices cannot become normal. Higher prices than any that we have yet seen will be the inevitable consequence. The only measure likely to cope with the situation at all adequately, is the establishment, at innumerable points throughout the country, of drying plants to which the farmers can bring their surplus product for treatment. The federal government should undertake to determine at once which of the methods available gives the best results and make the necessary arrangements for its adoption and installation. The products of these plants, if up to the standard of the Cooke-Kelly method, can find a ready market and can be shipped at small freight cost to any part of the globe. They will stand any climate. Within a year or two we would be able to create the beginnings of a surplus. Within a few years such a supply of nutritious, palatable edibles could be accumulated as would make it possible to forecast a future when famine would be eliminated and the cost of wholesome food reduced again to a price within the reach of the humblest denizen of the most distant regions of the earth.

♦♦♦♦

A Modern Pilgrim

By Babette Deutsch

"Pilgrimage;" "Pointed Roofs;" "Backwater;" "Honeycomb." By Dorothy M. Richardson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

LITERARY critics have recently discovered that poets should not be educated. They find that exact knowledge of the world spoils the poet's intense realization of it, and they would frankly sacrifice an intellectual clarity which only serves to cool his naive ardor. This objection to scholarly art has its roots in a psychological truism. The strength of an emotion is in inverse ratio to its rational apprehension. Fear dies in the attempt to find out the nature of the terrifying thing. The lover rejects reasoned argument about his passion as ridiculous. But the poet's business being to express and convey an emotion, it is obviously more important for him to sustain than to analyze it.

And yet the intuitions of the artist, in the pangs of his emotion, do not differ radically from what cold research discloses to the scientist. Their methods are in direct opposition, but the results obtained, though their very purposes differ, are one. The scientist builds up by slow induction the structure of his thought. The artist reveals in the heat of creation the same manifest truths. But while one meets the scientist on the neutral ground of intellectual "conventions," one demands of the artist complete emotional conquest: a struggle in which he is to be the victor and oneself, body and soul, the spoils.

There is no finer recent example of the use of his weapons than in Miss Richardson's fascinating novel. The people who move through its pages are thrown into high relief against the mind of the young woman who most concerns us. She herself is given to us in the terms of her own thinking. And since that is as casual, as haphazard and confused as most thinking, one gets her largely by a persistent, changing assault of moods. As though one were swimming with the tide of her ideas, rejoicing in the shifting swells of thought, savoring its keen salt quality, resting now and then on the current, and occasionally whelmed by a huge, rushing, overtaking

wave. Such a sense as this is essentially impressionistic. It is very different from the usual method of the novelist, even the psychological novelist. And yet one apprehends not merely *Miriam Henderson*, but *Miriam's* small anxious mother, her father with his desire to be "a person of leisure and cultivation," her sisters, the people whose children she has taught, the people she meets on holidays, at home. One has them all, and one has their background as well, individual, distinct and yet caught in a brief flow of vivid words, as one catches a personality on a first or a fifth encounter.

A novel concerned with a girl under eighteen, which leaves her at the conclusion of its third volume not very much older nor even very differently circumstanced, a novel, moreover, set in England in the late nineties sounds so remote from things contemporary that except to escape from them one would scarcely think of touching it. In a way these books do effect an escape, but only as all art retrieves life by expressing it. What is wonderful is that in spite of *Miriam's* aloofness from our own time and our own problems, in spite of her immaturity, and actually because of the leisurely character of an uneventful narrative, she is at moments more real than the people we have been living with all our lives, as intimately present and as personally important as ourselves. Trivial indeed are the things here recorded: Duets with *Harriet*. The "Haarwaschen" in the German boarding school. Disciplining little girls who run about the park without their hats. Brighton fireworks. Buying hats with the pale erratic epitome of worldliness whose children *Miriam* tutors. Yet in such scenes as these, unimportant, unrelated, one discovers this quiet, sensitive, intriguing girl; one watches her react to them, hears her keen, uninstructed comment; one begins to feel about the moments themselves as about certain curious intense personal memories, certain never-to-be-repeated experiences, neither beautiful nor tragic, perhaps, but having a marked tempo, a signal reality as vivid as it is rare. *Miriam* herself has a clear sense of such moments:

"Sometimes when they were all sitting together she longed to ask, to find out, to get some public acknowledgment of the magic that lay over everything. At times it seemed as if could they all be still for a moment—it must take shape. It was everywhere, in the food, in the fragrance rising from the opened lid of the tea-urn, in all the needful unquestioned movements, the requests, the handings and thanks, the going from room to room, the partings and assemblings. It hung about the fabrics and fittings of the house. Overwhelmingly it came in through oblongs of window giving on to stairways. Going upstairs in the light pouring in from some uncurtained window, she would cease for a moment to breathe.

"Whenever she found herself alone she began to sing, softly. When she was with others a head dropped or lifted, the movement of a hand, the light falling along the detail of a profile could fill her with happiness."

It is not always happy, her feeling. But it is usually sharpened by a consciousness of interrupting people, disarming contacts. Holding tightly to her own pulsing realities, she is the more aware of the artificialities which hedge about life.

"She had drifted along, delighting in the pleasant voice sounding through the wood, seeing the wood clear and steady through the pleasant tone, not caring about chance or chancelessness but ready to pretend she was interested in them so that the voice might go on; pretending to be interested when he stopped. That was feminine worldliness, pretending to be interested so that pleasant things might go on. Masculine worldliness was refusing to be interested so that it might go on doing things. Feminine worldliness meant perpetual, hard work and cheating and pretence at the door of a hidden garden, a lovely hidden garden. Masculine worldliness meant never being really there; always talking about things that had happened or making plans for things that might happen. There was nothing that could happen that was not in some way the same thing as anything else. Nobody was ever quite there, realizing."

"Life was ugly and cruel. The secret of the sea and of the evenings and mornings must be given

up. It would fade more and more. What was life? Either playing a part all the time in order to be amongst people in the warm or standing alone with the strange true real feeling—alone with a sort of edge of reality on everything; even on quite ugly common things—cheap boarding-houses face towels and blistered window frames."

It is her effort to grasp reality that distinguishes *Miriam Henderson*. Her intense perception of the minutiae of sensation would seem to be merely the clean surface from which the cameo of her days is cut. Her curiosities are undisciplined, her sympathies uninformed. She accepts each experience as it comes, creating her philosophy out of such precarious fragments as she can snatch from the routine of existence. But it is what she discovers and reveals in the routine itself that is the soul of her adventure.

What distinguishes the work of her creator is a style that is one with *Miriam's* thought. The plan of the book helps the author to this original method in fiction. Passages in this novel resemble passages from Verhaeren in their image-making realism. They are like T. S. Eliot in the sensitiveness of their rhythms, the insidious color of words that stain one's mind with their moods. This is because it shares the poet's method of realizing an emotion by inducing its systole and diastole rather than by tortuous, if clear, analysis. It is not less akin to poetry because its rhythms are prose rhythms, or because what one has in the end is a psychological study rather than a lyric cry. Miss Richardson lets us know *Miriam*, and through her the people about her, by that verbal vividness, that throbbing tension, which is the secret of the poetic temper. It is this quality of her art which quickens interest in each successive volume.

♦♦♦♦

Neither Did Lettie

By Margretta Scott

JANE sat at the kitchen table peeling potatoes. She was a thin, colorless girl with dead-looking yellow hair and a white skin, but her eyes were very soft and very shining.

The alarm clock on the shelf above the sink ticked loudly, and Jane smiled, as though listening to the tick of an alarm clock and peeling potatoes were sufficient causes for any woman's happiness.

And Jane was very happy. She was so happy that she always wanted to think of her happiness. She just wanted to sit quietly, without any disturbance, and think. The fact that she was going to have a baby meant more to her than it would mean to most women, for the doctor had said that when she had a baby she would be well and strong; and as far back as she could remember, she had never been well and strong. It was, she thought, such a nice way of being cured—it was as though the doctor had said, "You'll have the thing you want most in the world, and then you won't be sick any more."

The door-bell rang and Jane went to answer it. When she opened the door she gave a little gasp of surprise.

"Why, Lettie, where did you come from?"

Lettie grasped her by both hands.

"I've been in town for three or four days. I'm going to live here. Jim met your husband on the street and found out from him where you lived. Jim told him to keep it dark and that I'd surprise you."

"Well, it's just grand to see you. Come on in here."

Jane led the way into the parlor, which also served as a dining-room. Lettie looked admiringly at the oak furniture: the Morris chair upholstered in green and pink plush, the massive table covered by a centerpiece embroidered with luscious red strawberries, their leaves ranging from an autumnal yellow to the green of spring. Jane patted the centerpiece and beamed upon Lettie.

"Just think, I ain't seen you for six years, and you married and got a baby. You look fine—you

used to be so thin and white-looking. How is the baby?"

Lettie examined a hole in her white silk glove.

"He's real well. Tell me about yourself?"

"Oh, I'm all right. I got a good man. You'd like Harry."

"My man is good to me, too."

Jane went into the kitchen and put some water on to boil for tea. She called in to her friend.

"Where you living at?"

"I live real near you; two blocks up Spring street."

They drank tea and talked until nearly six o'clock; then Lettie left, for, she said, "I got to fix supper for my old man."

The next morning Jane was standing on the corner, waiting for a car. She had hurried through with her work and now she was going down town to do some shopping. Across the street she noticed a baby carriage in front of the drug store. Lately she had formed the habit of looking into every baby carriage she saw and wondering if her baby would be like that one. But she couldn't see the one across the street, for the front of the carriage was turned away from her.

Jane wanted to know what time it was. She tried to see the clock on the building back of her; then she heard a baby crying and, turning around, saw that the buggy across the street had upturned, and the baby was twisting on the pavement.

The door of the drug store flew open and Lettie ran out to the child.

Jane crossed the street, calling to her, "I hope he ain't hurt."

Jane was right behind her as she picked up the baby, and the face she saw over Lettie's shoulder was the face of an idiot. She wanted to turn around and run, but Lettie had recognized her. Jane picked up the buggy and arranged the covers.

"I hope he ain't hurt, Lettie."

Lettie didn't look at Jane.

"Oh, he's all right. He was just scared—he does wiggle so. That's why it upset."

The child was slobbering and she wiped its mouth with her handkerchief. She pushed the empty baby carriage with one hand and Jane walked beside her. There was a long silence; then Lettie said:

"Jane, I didn't want you to know he was like this, but you'd have to know sooner or later."

Jane's voice broke.

"What made him like that, Lettie?"

Lettie's hand pushing the buggy was white around the knuckles.

"I don't know—but you see I was real sickly a long time before he was born. I've been fine since, but it seems like all the sickness went into him."

Jane stood stock still; then she turned and walked quickly away. Lettie called after her, "Where are you going, Jane?" But Jane didn't answer.

She walked and walked and walked, and she didn't know where she was going. Nothing seemed to move but her brain. She was thinking quickly, jerkily.

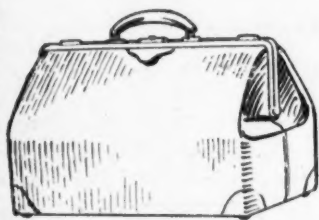
"It'll be that way with me," she said to herself.

"I'll be well; the doctor said I'd be well after the baby came; but the baby will be like that one. The doctor won't tell me what to do—but I won't have the baby—I won't have it."

She stopped and stared into a window where there was a display of cheap toys: penny tops, balls attached to rubber, with a ring for the finger, china dolls, their faces brightly painted. She stood there a long time; then she went in the direction of home—she almost ran. She got there breathless. She went into the kitchen and locked the door. Pains-takingly she closed the windows and stuffed the cracks with pieces of newspaper. She turned on the gas stove and opened the oven door; then she sat on a chair before the kitchen table.

Harry found her there—and he never knew why. Neither did Lettie.

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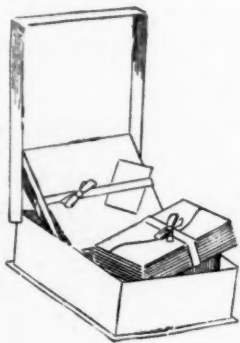
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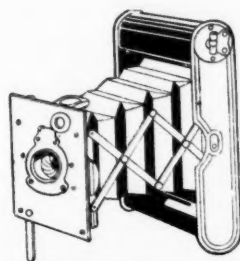


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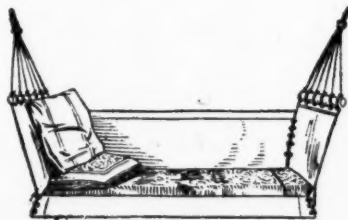
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Letters From the People

Traubel Didn't Know Whitman

New York, June 26, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

"O, Bill, are you asleep at the switch?" As a sort of sur-rebuttal to Bert Love and to Walt Whitman's well-meaning but somewhat misguided (*sic*) friend, Lacey Fournier, who protests that Walt needs no mangling, but needs to be swallowed whole, will you give me a few lines of free speech to take issue with the latter? He properly compliments the MIRROR for having introduced him to Tom Mosher's publication of "The Book of Heavenly Death," compiled for him "by the finest and fondest of all Whitmaniacs—Horace Traubel." Alack! he doesn't stop there, but goes on to glorify Traubel as "almost a re-incarnation of Whitman." That sort of sticks in my craw. I beg to submit in all good faith and in behalf of all good democratic poets who "love Whitman this side of idolatry" that Horace not only is not "a reincarnation of Whitman" but "knows" him less than any Boswell in all the regions of letters ever knew a god-like character sufficiently well to celebrate the acquaintanceship biographically. Only equals who share horizons really know each other.

God sleeps in His heaven, much is wrong with the world, Pippa passes, but I remain as ever

Your friend,

WILLIAM GRIFFITH.

✱

Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Mr. C. F. Hunt, in your issue of June 28, decides that my new literary child, just aborning, "The Abolition of Inheritance," is merely a bungling substitute for single tax, that I am confused in my definitions, well-meaning, and misinformed.

He bases his decision upon the splendid review of the book in the MIRROR of June 14. He has not yet read the book, which will appear about July 15. I hereby cordially invite him to do so, price \$1.50, Macmillan.

To the silk-stockings element the theory of the abolishing of inheritances is on a par with the practice of murder. To Mr. Hunt it is like giving a pill to mend a broken leg. I am between the devil and the vast, unfathomable deep.

I cannot undertake to answer all of Mr. Hunt's objections, because your space is limited and I need royalties to

feed my starving family, but to two of them I must reply.

I have claimed that no other important reform is possible until the right to inherit money power is abolished—that vast hereditary estates supply the sinews of war in all fights against reform—that while the privilege of inheritance remains, it will protect all lesser privileges.

To this Mr. Hunt takes exception. He admits that "the taking of fortunes over \$100,000 may be more moral than their retention by the heirs of an exploiter," but declares that real single taxers believe we must get single tax before we can get almost every good thing.

I heartily agree with Mr. Hunt that the monster evil with which the disinherited must struggle is the monopolization of natural resources.

But his proposition that monopoly can be destroyed while monopolists inherit from generation to generation all the economic power of capital is as absurd as Henry Ford's proposal to stop the war with a peace ship.

The most powerful single weapon of privilege to-day is inherited wealth.

Every thirty-five years all the power of the world is passed by inheritance to those who toil not—and this property is defended by the ablest lawyers and the strongest safe deposit vaults.

The real strength and coherence of the money power lies in the inheritance principle, which protects heirs to-day as it protected princes in the days that are about to pass into history forever.

The strangle-hold of privilege is the grip it has upon the transferred wealth of past generations.

No species of privilege will long survive the abolition of the inheritance principle. You cannot debate the justice of a privilege with a man who already holds it—but when inherited inequalities join the cave-man and the prehistoric horse, it will be possible to fight the good fight for other equalities of opportunity all up and down the line.

Mr. Hunt's other fundamental criticism was upon my statement that "no

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man has a right to receive what he does not earn."

"What!" cries he. "This is astonishing! Every day someone receives a gift from the producer of it!" And then he proceeds to declare that a title that is good involves the right to give away the product.

But, in support of this, he produces no shred of proof. He does not even attempt to prove it. He takes it for granted.

Can Mr. Hunt bring forward one good reason why the right should be granted to any man to make gifts that are injurious to the community? I invite him to do so. We do not allow a man to give a knife to an insane person, or a pistol or jimie to a burglar. We forbid the giving of poison to a person contemplating suicide. We forbid candidates for office to make either gifts or expenditures above a reasonable amount. In many states we forbid tips to waiters, or money gifts to beggars, or drinks to habitual drunkards or soldiers. There are a hundred prohibitions of the sort, all based upon the theory that one may not give away his own property where the gift involves an injury to the state. The principle is well-recognized in law, and the limitation of inheritances is a further extension of it.

Sincerely,

HARLAN EUGENE READ.

St. Louis, June 28, 1918.

Judicial Supremacy

By Walter Clark

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina

The jurisdiction conferred on the supreme court by the constitution, Art. III, is small, and then follows: "In all the other cases before mentioned, the supreme court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions and under such regulations as Congress shall make."

The inferior courts are "ordained and established" by congress, which must prescribe the limits of their jurisdiction. The claim of supremacy by the judiciary over its creator is therefore not authorized. It is asserted that it is "necessary to the independence" of the judiciary. In fact, it is the assumption by it of supreme, irresponsible and autocratic power.

Of course every department of the government takes an oath to support the constitution. But the supreme power to review whether they do or not is reserved to the people, and is nowhere given to the judiciary.

If congress disobeys the constitution the members of both the house and senate are chosen by the people and can be reviewed at the next election.

If the President disobeys the constitution, he is chosen by the people, and his acts can be reviewed at the next election.

If the judiciary do an unconstitutional act they are not chosen by the people, and cannot be reviewed at the next election. That they have acted unconstitutionally has been held by themselves in reversing the legal tender decision;

in the income tax decision; in the ten-hour case (Lochner case), virtually reversed in the Adamson Law case, and in other cases.

In the income tax case the last decision was wrong, and it required eighteen years to get the evil corrected by constitutional amendment, and in the meantime that one vote of one judge transferred 3,000 millions of dollars taxation from the predatory rich, and placed it upon the producing classes of the country.

Is it not worth while to prevent other abuses by an irresponsible court, a bare majority of whom may again, as so often in the past, mistake their own economic views for the constitution?

An act similar to that now proposed by Senator Owen, depriving the court

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of jurisdiction over the reconstruction acts, was admitted by the court itself as depriving them of power in McCordle *ex parte* 6 Wallace 324.

The first usurpation, in "Marbury vs. Madison," during the incumbency of Chief Justice Marshall, was made by an *obiter dictum* and was not repeated as to an act of congress for fifty-four years, in the Dred Scott case, and this brings me to the purport of this article, which is to call attention to the motive

for the *obiter dictum* in the Marbury case, as follows:

In laying the foundation of the constitution there began the trouble between the free and slavery systems of labor, which was a continuous struggle down to 1861. It was compromised by the constitution giving three-fifths of a vote to slave-owners as representatives of their slaves. It was recognized that by the increase of the white vote at the north, as well as by immigration, the

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36x4 1/2	\$49.35	\$51.20
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south would soon lose control of the house and that it would ultimately lose the control of the senate, though for a long time the parity was kept up by always admitting a slave state and a free state at the same time. On the admission of Missouri in 1820 we came near a dissolution of the Union. The Mexi-

can war was largely caused by an effort to maintain the political equality of the slave states in the senate.

For a long time the south held the presidency by nominating a "northern man with southern principles," but when Lincoln was elected it was seen that that could be relied on.

The Marbury vs. Madison decision was simply "throwing an anchor to windward" by giving to the supreme court power to invalidate any action of congress, though approved by the President, which should jeopardize slavery, and which would thus make the court a third line of defense that would last the lifetime of the judges. This was shattered by the hostile reception given the Dred Scott case, and the results of the civil war. The contest for slavery made the south "a section apart," and the waves have not yet entirely subsided. They have a proverb in windswept Spain, a land of windmills, "Though the mills

are down, the winds are blowing there still."

Marbury vs. Madison having been thrown up as a bulwark for the Slavery Trust, when the 14th Amendment was passed with a provision intended for the protection of the emancipated negro (which it did not affect), the interests created by the war through the new appointees from time to time on the supreme bench secured for themselves the construction by the court of a newer and deadlier theory than Marbury vs. Madison, which was outworn. As to the reconstruction acts, congress made the court stand off. But as the court is appointive, and for life, the people have no hand in choosing them, and no power to review them, and if their assumption of review of the action of congress shall continue to be substituted for that of the people, then aggregated wealth, following the example of the slavery dealers down to 1861, has the irrevocable power to control the government and set at naught the will of the people on all public questions.

In Haines' "Judicial Supremacy," pp. 234 and 282, it is stated that twice before—in 1825 and 1857—bills like Senator Owen's present bill were introduced. That in 1867 passed, but applied only to the reconstruction act, and was obeyed by the court in the McCordle case.

When the Marbury vs. Madison decision was rendered it was at once denounced by President Thomas Jefferson as an usurpation unwarranted in the constitution, and when it was repeated fifty-four years later in the Dred Scott case it was as vigorously denounced by Abraham Lincoln, and these men were, respectively, the very chiefest of the apostles of the two great parties now before the country.

In passing the Keating Child Labor bill, the house and senate declared the public policy of the people, by whom they were elected, and whose will they represented. The President not only approved, but requested the passage of the act. The odd man on the court, imbued with the ideas of judicial supremacy, and the rights of capital over labor, handed down from John Marshall, and a court impressed with the necessity of protecting slavery, set the act aside. Where does the governing power reside?

Senator Owen's bill, re-enacting the child labor law and prohibiting the supreme court from invalidating it, can be more speedily adopted than a constitutional amendment, and will be as effective.—From *The Public, New York*.

♦♦♦

"Would you mind changing this book for me? It's the second edition, and I haven't read the first."—*Houston Post*.

♦♦♦

The negroes at Camp Dodge drafted into the national army from Alabama were overjoyed at the amount of equipment they were given. One of them was talking to a white soldier about it. "Say, boss," he asked, "do dey give us all dese clothes for nuthin', without payin' for dem? An' all dese eats three times a day, an' a good bed, an' all dem blankets?" He was told that Uncle Sam gives them all these things. "Well, den, why in de Sam Hill didn't dis wah staht soonah?"

Marts and Money

Rather quiet in Wall street at the present moment. With but few exceptions, representative quotations indicate no changes of real interest. That for United States Steel common implies a gain of less than a point. A few copper stocks are two or three points higher, in consequence of the declaration of regular quarterly dividends on Anaconda and Inspiration and renewed talk about an advance in the metal's official price. The current figures for the two stocks specified are 68 and 55 $\frac{3}{4}$, respectively. On May 16, sales were effected at 71 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 56 $\frac{3}{4}$. Utah Copper's quotation (82 $\frac{1}{2}$) shows a decline of about five points from the recent high mark. Much of the daily business continues to be supplied by operations in specialties, such as American Sumatra Tobacco, Tobacco Products, Central Leather, General Motors, Sinclair Oil, and Royal Dutch. Stocks of this variety are not extensively held by the "patrons" of brokerage houses; if they were, the wire-pullers would be strongly tempted to let them alone or to start vicious raids on their values. For reasons unknown to gaping outsiders, the quotation for Central Leather, a 5 per cent stock, was raised from 67 to 72 $\frac{1}{4}$ the other day. Last December it was down to 55, after a brilliant rise to 123 in 1916. No extra dividends have been paid since the close of that year. In the opinion of some wise fellows, C. L. should be regarded as a very promising "peace stock," and therefore confidently bought on every break of over five points. The average marginal trader is skeptical, however, though willing to admit that it might not be a bad idea to take on a little of the stuff just for a side-line. Steel common was up to 110 $\frac{3}{8}$ a few days ago—a new maximum for the present upward movement. The subsequent drop of three points was the result of profit-taking mostly, according to market gossip, and should be followed by another advance of five points or so in the very near future. If the expected rally puts the price at 114, chartists will acclaim it as a reliable bull tip. It's a quaint, humorous sort of theorizing among stock exchange folks. There's triumphant smiling if the outcome conforms to the prediction. If the currents of deduction turn awry and lose the name of reason, as they usually do, the opinionated prophet merely shrugs his shoulders in a nonchalant way and puts the blame on a miscalculation in figures, or, if not that, insists that "the market was out of line." The latter phrase covers a multitude of folly on the part of speculators, as well as a multitude of iniquity on the part of crafty brokers. Respecting the war, sentiment remains decidedly hopeful. It may be summed up thusly: "Our boys will cross the Rhine and get the Kaiser's goat next year. Of course, there will be some mishaps for a while yet, but the main issue is settled." Some reassuring information from Russia, though of an unofficial character, led to considerable buying of the 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent bonds floated in the United States about two years ago by the czar's government. The incidental recovery ran beyond five points for a little while. Ruble ex-

change did not improve, however, to any noteworthy extent. The current demand quotation of 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents is only two points above the absolute minimum of some months back. The normal rate is 52 cents. The financial community feels quite certain that all the international debts of Russia will be paid in full in due course of time. Market values were but slightly affected by the federal trade commission's severe arraignment of profiteering in the basic commodities of life. Wall street has become hardened to this kind of criticism and believes that the ultimate punishment will fall short of fitting the crime even in the cases of such terrible offenders as the packing companies of Chicago and Kansas City. The finances of the Armour and Swift concerns are sufficiently ample to permit of some important profiteering for national account. The government has restored about seventeen hundred short-line railroad companies to private management. In explanation, we are told that "it has become apparent that there are large numbers of short lines whose federal control is not needful or desirable. In taking this action, the administration is mindful of the paramount importance of preserving unimpaired the local public service performed by the railroads which will thus be relinquished, and is also solicitous that no injustice be done to owners." During the fiscal year 1917-18 the total of war expenditures was above \$12,600,000,000. The ante-bellum record was less than \$1,000,000,000. If we add the \$1,200,000,000 expended in the three months preceding the past fiscal year, the grand total of war outlay stands at \$13,800,000,000. The daily cost at present is estimated at \$50,000,000. This includes advances to allied countries, who have thus far received more than \$6,000,000,000. During the fiscal year just ended the government received \$7,563,000,000 from the issuing of liberty bonds; \$2,115,000,000 (with probably \$500,000,000 yet to come in) from income and excess profit taxes; \$863,000,000 from internal revenue sources, and \$296,000,000 from war savings and thrift stamps. In addition, \$8,468,000,000 was derived from the sale of certificates of indebtedness, redeemed in the latter part of the year. For the year 1918-19 the aggregate of expenditures is estimated at over \$20,000,000,000. According to a statement made by a prominent international financier before the senate committee on banking and currency, endeavors to obtain American credits in Spain have been unsuccessful. The purpose had been to effect a stabilization of the value of the dollar in that country. Efforts to improve the status of the dollar in South America are expected to prove successful in the near future. Large credits are sought in Peru and Chili. One has already been secured in Argentina. At present the cost of one dollar in British currency is \$1.02, against \$1.02 a year ago; in French currency, the cost is \$1.10, against \$1.11; in Dutch, \$0.79, against \$1.01; in Swiss, \$0.78, against \$0.94; in Swedish, \$0.80, against \$0.89; in Russian, \$3.85, against \$2.15; in Italian, \$1.70, against \$1.40, and in Spanish, \$0.70, against \$0.83. American Telephone & Telegraph stock is quoted at 95 $\frac{1}{4}$. This signifies a new low mark, and represents absolute minimum

since 1907, when 88 was reached. The suspicion exists that some of the liquidation in recent months has been of the gilt-edged kind, that is, for the account of important inside parties. A further depreciation of several points would undoubtedly elicit predictions of a cut in the 8 per cent dividend rate. For the year ended December 31, 1917, the final balance was \$2,086,332, against \$5,989,492 for 1916, and \$6,891,090 for 1915. The margin of safety is evidently not as substantial as it should be for a corporation whose outstanding capital stock amounts to \$441,891,100. Seven years ago the price of the shares was as high as 153 $\frac{3}{8}$. At that time large amounts were sold to British and French investors, after introduction on the stock exchanges in London and Paris. On the Chicago board of trade, the values of corn and oats have lately developed pronounced rising tendencies, in consequence of multiplying reports of damage from frost in Ohio, Michigan, and Indiana, and of deterioration from heat and drouth in Oklahoma, Kansas, Nebraska, and some sections of Missouri, and Iowa. The reports were partly confirmed by the department of agriculture. The Nebraska oat fields are said to have been injured at least 50 per cent. The current price of July corn is \$1.48, against \$1.57 a year ago; July oats are quoted at 73 cents, against 64 $\frac{3}{4}$. No truly disquieting news has yet come from the spring wheat states of the northwest, though it is understood that the outlook is not altogether favorable in western Montana. Owing to the exceptional needs confronting the nation, the forthcoming monthly report of the government is awaited with rising interest, if not with some feelings of anxiety. The latest statement of the New York clearing-house institutions disclosed an expansion of nearly \$125,000,000 in excess reserves, thus putting the total at \$171,971,000. Call and time loans are quoted at previous rates. The modest relaxation in optional loans has so far been unattended by a material enlargement of offerings for stock exchange purposes. A prominent banking firm has bought \$20,000,000 of Union Pacific 6 per cent notes. The imminent request for public subscriptions should help to clarify ideas as to the state of the general investment market. Prior to the war the Union Pacific could easily borrow at 4 per cent.

Finance in St. Louis

Latest operations on the local bourse brought no results of particular import. The daily volumes of trading were quite negligible and remindful of the approach of the canine season. Quotations were kept steady in the majority of cases. There's no insistent desire to liquidate investment issues paying liberal dividend rates and valued at prices comporting with existing financial conditions. The few lots of bank stocks lately offered were quickly taken at ruling quotations, and there can be no doubt that several more would be absorbed at the same figures without long haggling. The firm feeling about industrial quotations derives mostly from the prevailing confidence in the stability of dividend payments, and it can hardly be questioned that there will be con-

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siderable enhancement in the event of an
extensive rise in the New York market.
There's very little doing in the bond
section of the market. Daily over-the-

counter transactions have been reduced
to what may be called an irreducible
minimum. But bankers and brokers
maintain a hopeful attitude, just the

same, and think that a happy turn in the
tide cannot be very far off. It is gen-
erally believed that the quotations for all
good bonds have struck bottom, and
that changes from now should be in the
right direction.

Latest Quotations

	Bid.	Asked.
Natl. Bank of Commerce..	110 1/2
Mercantile Trust	345	348
St. Louis Union Trust.....	302
United Railways pfd.	17 3/4	18
do 4s.	51 1/4	51 3/4
Mo. Portland Cement	70
Ely & Walker 1st pfd.....	103
Brown Shoe com.....	64 1/2
Consolidated Coal	85
National Candy com.....	37 1/2	38 1/4

Answers to Inquiries

SPECTATOR, Burlington, Ia.—The cur-
rent price of American Locomotive com-
mon does not encourage hopes of an
early increase in the dividend rate, which
has been \$1.25 quarterly since Septem-
ber, 1916. Nor does it look cheap, the
net yield being only 7 1/2 per cent, against
9 1/2 per cent on American Car & Foun-
dry common 8 per cent stock at 84. The
company is estimated to be earning about
20 per cent on the common, after the
7 per cent on the preferred. The 1917
record was 22 per cent. In 1916 the
percentage was 36.08. Since the first of
the year the high and low points have
been 71 3/4 and 53 1/2. In a sustained bull
market the stock would probably rally
to 85 or even 90. The high record of
98 1/2 was set two years ago.

R., St. Louis.—The Miami Copper Co.
has declared the regular quarterly \$1.
Wall street feels quite certain that this
rate will be maintained indefinitely. Last
year's deficit of \$1,585,000 was the out-
come of labor troubles, mostly. For
1916 the surplus stood at \$3,463,000. The
stock is rated at 28 at present, against
33 3/8 a few months back, and a top mark
of 49 3/8 in 1916. The net yield of more
than 14 per cent is sufficiently high to
justify speculative purchases in spite of
litigation regarding the separating proc-
ess. The latest news about similar litig-
ious proceedings against the Butte & Su-
perior Copper Co. is quite favorable. It
would be advisable for you to hold your
certificate for at least a moderate ad-
vance in the next few months.

FINANCE, Santa Fe, N. M.—There's
no danger of a serious break in the
quotation of Chicago, Rock Island & P.
7 per cent preferred, on which the semi-
annual \$3.50 has again been declared,
with the government's consent. The
price of 75 1/2 does not counsel heavy sell-
ing. It denotes a net return of 9 1/4 per
cent. In 1917 the curb quotation was
as high as 91. The 1917 final surplus
was \$5,747,000, after initial dividends.
The finances of the company are in good
condition.

J. R. U., Springfield, Mo.—The pres-
ent price of Maxwell Motor first 7 per
cent preferred is 55 3/4. If you bought at
82 in 1916, you should certainly cling
to your certificate, despite scrip instead
of cash dividends in recent months. The
last yearly report showed a total surplus
of \$8,017,000. Since January 1, 1917, all
automobile companies have been severely
affected by increasing costs of manufac-
turing, war taxes, and curtailment of

output. But this does not justify pessi-
mism or sacrificial liquidation of their
shares. The worst has been pretty well
discounted in the stock market.

STOCKHOLDER, Lewiston, Idaho.—
Neither Anaconda nor Inspiration Cop-
per are overvalued at 68 and 55, re-
spectively. The advances in the last
two weeks have been of a legitimate
character, that is, in anticipation of regu-
lar quarterly dividends, and supported,
besides, by renewed hopes of a higher
price for the metal. In both cases the
annual \$8 is safely earned, and fears of
a cut in the next twelve months are not
upheld by present conditions.

INTERESTED, Albany, N. Y.—(1) Ameri-
can Woolen common is an attractive
speculative investment, the dividend rate
being \$5 and expectations of an increase
to \$6 well warranted. It is not unlikely
that the quotation may establish a new
absolute top before long. (2) Can see
no reason for liquidating Norfolk &
Western common at 103 1/2.

♦♦♦

Music

Twenty-third Annual Convention of the
Missouri Music Teachers'
Association

By Victor Lichtenstein

I often wonder whether the import-
ance of music's cultural (*not Kultural*)
value is still questioned. With the im-
petus given to a true appreciation of the
art by the various sound-producing ma-
chines, it is doubtful whether any con-
siderable number of intelligent beings
still pooh-pooh its function as an emo-
tional guide, stimulus, and sedative.

An intelligible and satisfying phi-
losophy of the art, if there can be such
a thing as the philosophy of any art, is
yet to be written, but music is more and
more coming to be recognized as the
truest interpreter of the spirit of man,
because it translates into audible lan-
guage the impulses antecedent to and
transcending thought.

Last week the state music teachers
met here. Conventions of this type are
usually nothing but a series of concerts,
a few technical papers, cut-and-dried
business meetings, and *voila tout*. Two
important measures were put through,
which differentiate this meeting from
most previous gatherings. First, the
compilation of examination tests for an
associate degree, which will help consid-
erably to raise the standard of music
teaching in the state; secondly, it was
moved to send a strong recommendation
to every supervisor of music and every
board of education in the state, for the
immediate adoption of a music course in
the high school, said course to accom-
pany the recommendation and the satis-
factory completion of this course to give
the pupil a major credit, corresponding
to one-fourth of all the credits allowed.
The music student is likewise to be cred-
ited with his instrumental studies outside
the school.

The importance of this recommenda-
tion can hardly be overvalued. The con-
ditions for the serious music student dur-
ing the four years of high school work
(from fourteen to eighteen) are become
well-nigh intolerable; during a period
when enthusiasm and sustained effort

should be at their highest, the exigencies of the present high school course make it imperative either to drop music or to leave school. This is indeed tragic, both for the present and the future generation.

We hope that there is no longer a question as to the intellectual value of music study, the gymnastic training it affords the various faculties of the mind—memory, judgment, etc. Aside from these self-evident facts, there is the purely utilitarian side, the preparation for a profession comparable in dignity and social value to any other. Then the undoubted spiritualizing influence of contact with the great works of the masters, not inferior in force to the masters of literature.

And now a word as to some of the music performed during the three-day sessions. American composers were not slighted, although the routine of concert life seemed to necessitate the usual nineteenth century European menu.

First in local importance was Max Gottschalk's Quintette in B Minor for piano and strings. The composer is a first violinist in the St. Louis Symphony orchestra and an excellent pianist, a talented painter, a bizarre and fascinating personality in general. His activities reach out even into the world of politics, and he has been the aggressive factor in the manipulation of important changes in the business relations between the symphony orchestra and its management. He is not exactly the prototype of the great Teddy, but—there is very little in the heavens or depths of music and life that Max does not know about, or does not know how to improve.

As to the composition—more virile and purely male music it would be hard to discover. Scarcely a trace of the tenderly lyrical, the feminine element in the arts, is to be found. Vigorous and nervous rhythms, truly American, characterize the first allegro resolute; even the second theme here remains masculine in tone. An excursion into the fascinating world of programme music is the Second Romanza. Here we have the imagination coursing along a prescribed path, the moods generated in a Sunday morning church service being the motif. Aside from the inevitable church bells, there is no attempt at realism; the mood is artistically voiced in a lovely chorale, contrapuntally intricate and clever, and the viola plays a major role in crystallizing the religious tone of the day. A bright and unconventional scherzo is followed by a martial allegro, which introduces many interesting rhythmic devices. The Quintette was beautifully played and no small praise must be given the pianist, Mr. Basil Gauntlett, for a masterly interpretation of his part.

Other St. Louis composers were Mrs. Chas. A. Cale, whose Cantabile Affettuoso from her violin and piano sonata, Op. 36, is a tender inspiration; Mr. E. R. Kroeger, represented by his "Egeria" and his "Dance of the Elves" for piano; Ellis Levy, who played his own clever "Serenade Espagnole" and "Ghost Dance" for violin; Ottmar Moll, whose piano mazurka was played by Rudolph Gruen; Wm. John Hall, whose "Sunshine and Summer" was sung on the steamer *St. Paul* the second day of the

convention, and last, but decidedly not least, Mrs. Berenice Wyer of Webster Groves, who played her own poems "Of Chivalry" and "Of Romance," and a ballade in C sharp minor for piano.

The most significant work by a living American played at these concerts was Cecil Burleigh's concerto in E minor for violin; grandiose in conception, charmingly lyrical in the second movement and superbly brilliant and sparkling in the finale. It was played by Max Gottschalk.

Space forbids a review of the other compositions and players; but we must not forget the delightful closing evening at the Sheldon auditorium, when Mme. Sturkow-Ryder, pianist, and Miss Amy Emerson Neill, violinist, gave us an unforgettable hour of sheer joy in the world of tone.

At the Park Theatre

The Park Opera company will present "The Pirates of Penzance" next week, another Gilbert and Sullivan favorite. Scott, Jeanne, Young, Aldridge, Peacock, Stevens, Pellaton, Rogers and the large chorus are in daily rehearsal of it; the management are preparing a special setting, and everything points to a particularly fine production. This week the company is singing "Pinafore" to crowded houses.

Vacationing at Home

As though in reward of their patriotic conformity to government recommendations to refrain from travel in so far as possible, those St. Louisans who have stayed at home instead of following their usual custom of going to the lake resorts, have been favored with northern Michigan weather for the past week. The sun shines brightly, the breezes are cool, the golf links are green and occasional showers make automobiling perfect. What more could one ask of a summer resort? A dip in the lake? Unfortunately St. Louis has no lake and the Mississippi river does not afford a bathing beach, but there are artificial pools which supply the lack. There is no more beautiful natatorium anywhere than the Lorelei, at 4525 Olive street. The water is as clear as the lake, and as pure for it is kept changing constantly. When the north wind blows over the lake bathing is impossible for that day, but at the Lorelei air and water are maintained at a balmy temperature; indeed the cool days are the most enjoyable for then the pool appears as large as the lake. And a dip in the Lorelei on a scorching day never results in a blistered skin as at the beach. Other considerations which add to the attractiveness of the Lorelei are the shower baths, the roomy dressing cabinets, the lounging rooms, the electric hair driers and the attendant maids.

Mistress—How do you manage to make such a noise in the kitchen?
Cook—Well, just you try to break four plates without making a noise.—*Ideas.*

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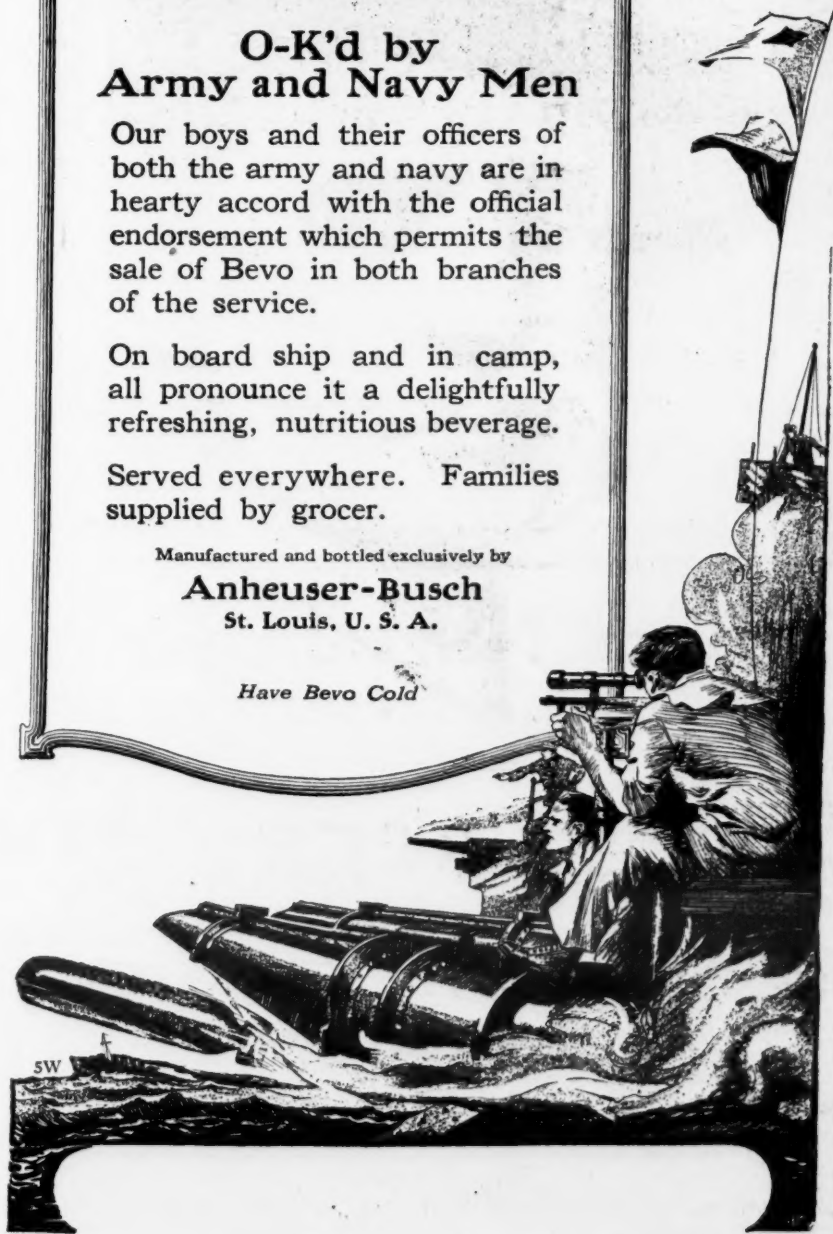
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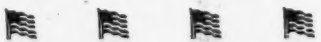


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